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The Foundations of our Present Music.

A Lecture delivered before the Pupils of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music,

BY G. A. SCHMITT.

(Concluded).

Under these influences of the *Déchant*, of the music of the Trouvères and of the Folksong, both the latter of which united time with rhythm, the Church at last adopted the mensural note, the *nota mensurata*, the note which expressed time.

Franco, of Cologne, who lived in the beginning of the 13th century, is the first writer who lays down the rules of the new notation. It might seem as if all the difficulties had now been surmounted. Now time could be measured, the three or more parts knew exactly when to change their tones, and music could now begin in good earnest. But the wisdom of those speculative monks hit upon an expedient to make exceedingly difficult of attainment and intricate, what seemed so simple and so near at hand, an accurate subdivision of time. To us, now-a-days, it seems an absolute necessity to divide a whole into halves and quarters, &c. Not so to them. To them it seemed the more natural way to divide a whole into three parts. And so they did. One whole note with them had three third-notes, and that they called *modus perfectus*,—the perfect mode. Now, as long as their music was written in three-four, or three-two time as we would call it, all went very well; but when the melody was written in a measure divisible by two, how then? One whole note always meant three smaller ones; so it took two whole notes to make three measures of two-two time, or four whole notes to make three measures in four-four time. That division of time they called *modus imperfectus*,—imperfect mode. And imperfect enough it was. Still, what with constant counting, by dint of hard calculation while singing, they managed to get along well enough. "Every where man has advice; nothing finds him without counsel," the Greek poet says, even twenty-two hundred years ago. And so these singers were no without counsel. Only it was very hard work, and many a young lady, who with difficulty now unravels the mysteries of quavers and crotchets, and semi and demi-semi quavers, would give up in despair were such calculations presented to her as the singers had to master six hundred years ago. It was not until 1400 that the white note, square, where it is round with us, but of similar value and meaning, was introduced.

Now the way was smooth, and quickly arose upon the Foundations of the Gregorian Chant and the Folksong, aided by the staff of four lines, measured by the mensural note, stirred into beautiful variety by the *Déchant* and the Counterpoint, that earnest, sublime and beautiful song of the Netherlands. Now in Flanders and in Holland, one after another, those glorious masters of music lived and worked, who, beginning with Willem Dufay (born in 1380), to Orlando Lasso (died in 1594), in uninterrupted succession filled

two hundred years with undying song. There, under that leaden sky, were born and brought up such masters as Johannes Okeghem, Josquin des Prés. From there they were called as singers, as music teachers, as chapel-masters, to the Papal court and to all the art-loving courts of Italy and Germany and France; until finally the mantle of their greatness was laid upon one greater than all: the divine master Pierluigi da Palestrina.

When we consider that only in the thirteenth century Franco of Cologne established the principal law of all harmony: that a consonance is produced by the simultaneous sounding of two tones which please the ear; that dissonances are two tones sounding together which displease the ear, and that it is sweet to have a dissonance followed by a consonance,—when we consider that this law, which made true harmony possible, lays down the axiom most important in our music: that all dissonances must be prepared and resolved, and when we consider that but little more than a century had elapsed before Willem Dufay and Josquin des Prés and Okeghem created wonderful works, soul-stirring, heart-moving now and forever, then we cannot help admiring the strength and scope of the human mind, which, when once in possession of the means and instruments to work with, at once strives upward to ideal elevation, leaving far below the noise and turmoil of every day life, and building its habitation among the ever shining stars.

In glancing back, it strikes us as remarkable that two out of the three great theorists, to whom the foundations of our present music owe their strength, were born on the Lower Rhine, in the Low Countries. For, though Franco was born in Cologne, the people there and the Netherlands are of the same branch of the German nation. It is remarkable that for two centuries the musical life of the Occident, of western Europe was fostered almost exclusively by these same Netherlands. Then with Palestrina the glory of being high-priests to the Beautiful was transferred to the Italians, with whom even our Mozart studied and from whom he learned, until in our present day the Germans have produced those immortal masters, Mozart and Beethoven and all the others.

We must not omit to mention at the close of our lecture once more that greatest master of counterpoint, Johann Sebastian Bach, in whom that first period of music, the contrapuntal period, reached at once its culminating point and its end.

And if I may be permitted to add a wish as the expression of an individual desire and longing, it is this, that the Conservatory, before whose friends and pupils I have the honor to speak, may continue to emulate a love for the best music, so that we may soon hear in these rooms some of Bach's Motets, or Choruses from his Passion-music, or his Christmas Oratorios. It would be carrying the privilege of wishing too far, I am afraid, were I to add the fervent wish that, after Bach had been unearthed, as it were, and made

familiar, that we might then enter upon the legacy which Orlando Lasso and Palestrina left us, by their numerous masses and other compositions; that we might then hear for the first time, in this our goodly city, those immortal works which moved men to the very depths of their hearts three hundred years ago.

A New Biography of Liszt—Sketch of His Remarkable Career.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

ROME, Italy, March 11, 1870.—A new biography of Liszt has just appeared, translated from the German. But we in our day can hardly have a true life of this remarkable man. We may have exact dates as to his birth; when he composed this or that piece; but the events of his singular and romantic career can hardly be told while he is alive, and he looks as vigorous as if he might live some thirty years more. The private life of an artist who had royal princesses for the mothers of his children could hardly have a correct account of it written during his lifetime. What a career he has had! His reputation began when he was only fourteen. Precocity of genius is more common among musicians than among literary or scientific men. There are exceptions—Pascal, for example, who, at fourteen, "invented mathematics," as his father expressed it, and arrived at the 32d proposition of the first book of Euclid without ever having seen Euclid, just as Mozart composed a symphony in his boyhood.

Liszt's success was so great in Germany when he was only fourteen, that Adam Liszt, his father, like the elder Mozart, took his wonderful son to Paris. As they had a powerful letter from Prince Metternich, to Cherubini, they counted much upon his protection. Cherubini was then the Director of the French musical Conservatory, which he (Cherubini) had just established in Paris under the patronage of Louis XVIII., and had made it the leading establishment in Europe.

Strangely enough, Cherubini received the father and son very coldly. Adam Liszt had the boy subjected to a rigorous examination before Cherubini, Paër, and all the great artists in Paris. It was not only satisfactory, but the audience expressed surprise and admiration. Notwithstanding, Cherubini refused to admit young Liszt into the Conservatory, on the ground that he was a foreigner! Cherubini himself was an Italian. The biographer thinks the reason of this strange coldness was jealousy. This could hardly have been the cause. There must have been something in the manner of the boy which made him antipathetic to Cherubini. The biographer says: "Precocious talents always give offence to talents on the decline." Precocious talents are apt to make children very disagreeable and presumptuous. There is always a consciousness of superiority about a prodigy, which is offensive and rouses one's antagonism. I fancy this was the reason of Cherubini's indifference. Cherubini ought, however, to have been more forbearing, for he had memories of mortification which troubled his youth. The first Napoleon treated him disdainfully. But in resenting unconsciously his own wrongs on his successors, he only followed out the instinct of the old Adam which is in all of us, and which Sheridan hit off so capitably in *The Rivals*.

"Sir Anthony rates master," cried the servant, "master abuses me—I'll go and kick Boots."

But time makes amends for all wrongs, if we could only wait patiently. Louis XVIII. rewarded Cherubini for all he had suffered; and the very Conservatory whose doors were closed on

Liszt so insultingly in his youth is only too happy to accept any applicant, on any terms, rigorous as are its rules, at a simple request from Liszt;—this I know to be a positive fact. Liszt has less of this vindictiveness of matured reputation than most distinguished men; he does not resent the wrongs of youth on younger artists. Never was there a kinder man than Liszt to unacknowledged and aspiring talent in man or woman. So kind is he, that he is apt to be deceived, and to accept the false for the real in his desire to give encouragement.

Paër and Reicha, who were present at the examination of young Liszt, interested themselves in his affairs, and not only gave him good counsel but efficient service. The gifted boy was soon brought out by the "best society" of Paris. Indeed, like Mrs. Jarley, Liszt has always been the pet of the "nobility and gentry," and royalty has done more than smile on him. He was presented to King Louis XVIII. and to the royal family. The Duke of Orleans, Louis Philippe, took him under his especial protection.

We have all heard of some mysterious event which produced a sad effect on Liszt in his youth. He had a dangerous illness; indeed his death was reported throughout Paris. The biographer says it was an unfortunate love affair, which nearly ruined him, as a similar one we now know hastened Keats's death. But Liszt was made of stronger stuff than the young English poet who said so sadly, "The very thing which I want to live most for will be the great occasion of my death." Love, which was such a tragedy to Liszt's youth, became the gay comedy of his manhood, and, like Goethe, he bids fair to play the gay Lothario into his old age. The biographer does not give the name of the cause of Liszt's tender trouble, the "soft impeachment," nor does he give the reasons for the separation. The affair is wound up tantalizingly with these commonplace words:—"Insurmountable obstacles opposed their happiness." Liszt's strange conduct, after his recovery, is well known. He fled from the world, gave up his music entirely, and occupied himself in works of charity and pious reading. Like the little girl in *Punch*, he found his doll stuffed with bran and wanted to be a nun.

Paganini it was who drew him out of this morbid retirement into the world. The great violinist exercised a powerful influence, in many ways, over the young man. Then followed a brilliant career, unparalleled in the history of artists; for even Raphael had not such social success—such *bonnes fortunes*, as the French express the sort of admiration that was given to Liszt. It was a peculiar epoch in Europe; music reigned triumphant; a concert or a play was an event, and occupied as much place in minds and thoughts as politics do now.

It is a remarkable fact, too, that many leading statesmen of Europe, in the present day, are fine musicians. Music and statesmanship seem to go hand-in-hand, especially in England and France. Emile Ollivier—whose first wife, by the way, was Liszt's daughter—not only plays well on the violin—so a friend of Liszt tells me—but has composed some fine concertos for that instrument. Richard, Minister of Foreign Affairs in the French Cabinet, is also a musical virtuoso. Through Richard's influence, Balfe has been named by the Emperor of France Knight of the Legion of Honor. And Mr. Gladstone, the English Premier, is a well-known amateur.

To return to Liszt's young manhood. Paris had at that time a perfect constellation of musical celebrities, such as are rarely assembled at one period. Just run over in your memory a few names. Besides Liszt and Paganini, there were the composers Rossini, Spontini, Donizetti, Bellini, Meyerbeer, Auber, Halévy, &c.; the singers Malibran, Grisi and Persiani, Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, Mario, &c. Every night some new masterpiece of composition or execution was heard. Music turned all brains. Young girls abandoned their homes, wives their husbands and families, to follow celebrated pianists or violinists. Beautiful and noble women—women of the highest rank—used to steal Liszt's

gloves, cut them up into strips, and with the cherry-stones they took from his plate after a supper or dinner, make necklaces and armlets, which they would wear on their handsome throats and arms with more pride and exultation than they did their family diamonds. A pretty set of unprincipled, ill-regulated fools, to be sure! "That time is over and will never return." For the honor of womanhood it is to be hoped not. Delatry, a clever musical writer, in a late article of his, when speaking of this very period, says: "Liszt is one of the rare survivors of this marvellous epoch. He is in the prime of life: in the full possession of his talents. There is still the same fire, the same verve, and the same spirit. Liszt is still young in heart and genius."

"I have applauded Liszt at Paris, Dresden, Berlin, Basle and St. Petersburg during the most brilliant phase of his artistic career. In 1862 I met him again at Rome. He lived in the Via Sistini, in the apartment that was formerly occupied by Leopold Robert, the graceful creator of the *Moissonneurs* (Harvesters). He had in his salon a wretched spinnet, which his magical fingers transformed into an Erard piano. He selected me sometimes for the happy confidant of his thoughts and inspirations. His servant had orders not to let any one enter, and there, in the little but very comfortable parlor, I have passed long mornings or long evenings, which I found always too short, listening to '*Naples and Venice*,' the '*Sistine Chapel*,' '*St. Francis walking on the Waves*,' the '*Source*,' '*Ave Maria*,' '*St. Elizabeth*,' and other works of the master, even as he created them."

"Once seated at his instrument, he could not be drawn away from it. When he had exhausted his own repertoire he seized on Beethoven, Schumann and Chopin, three of his favorite authors. Beethoven and Schumann are to him the Dante and Goethe of music; Chopin, the Schiller. With each master he changed style and coloring. He was terrible, and sometimes even savage in Beethoven, for he interpreted freely the last compositions of this master, which are so profound and intricate. When playing Chopin's music he was soft and plaintive—especially in the *Nocturnes*, whose tender notes recall the fable of the song of the Swan. When the great artist, fatigued in soul and brain more than in back and hands, rose up from the piano, great drops of sweat stood on his deeply furrowed brow."

Liszt is nearly through his winter's work—the music for the great Beethoven festival. In a few weeks he will leave the Villa d'Este, near Tivoli—his friend Cardinal Hohenlohe's place, and return to Rome for a short time previous to his leaving for Germany. Sgambati intends then to give a grand classical concert, at which his celebrated master will be present. Hans von Bulow and Carlo Ducci give a fine concert at Florence the 14th of this month. I met Carlo Ducci in Naples in 1857, when he was quite a young man; he was very handsome, and played remarkably well. He has now quite a reputation in Italy.

ANNE BREWSTER.

Easter Services in Rome.

THE MISERERE.—PALESTRINA'S MUSIC.—THE DISPLAY ON EASTER.—SGAMBATI'S CONCERT.

The same lady writes under date of April 21:

Easter passed off finely. The *Misereres*, as sung in St. Peter's, surpassed by expectations. I heard them last year in the Sistine Chapel. The surroundings of that famous old chapel, of course, add a great deal to the effect of every service performed in it; but there is something sublime in the impression produced by the grand ecclesiastical music of Palestrina and the composers of his school when heard under the vast dome and huge naves of St. Peter's.

On Holy Thursday Allegri's *Miserere* was sung; this is considered the best. Bai's and Bainsi's were sung on Wednesday; Mustafa's on Friday. The *Lamentations*, by Palestrina, were sung each day. On Holy Thursday I was lucky enough to reach St. Peter's in time to secure a seat on the top bench of the Grand Penitenciar's chair, which was not only favorable for hearing, but, as it overlooked the crowd, and was only a few steps from the Baldachino, it commanded a view of the interesting ceremony of purifi-

cation of the High Altar, which took place after the *Miserere* was finished. Usually the Grand Penitenciar sits in his chair on Holy Thursday, but this year, as the *Tenebrae* were sung near the High Altar of St. Peter's instead of in the Sistine, Cardinal Panbiani, who is the Grand Penitenciar, sat in one of the side chapels of the south nave. The chair stands against one of the sides of that large colossal pier of the dome, in the niche of which is placed the St. Veronica statue. Every step and available ledge of this huge chair was filled. It looked like a great honey-pot swarming with flies.

When the *Miserere* of Allegri was written, it was considered so fine, so perfect, that it was decided no others should be composed; it should be the *Miserere par excellence*. But after a while the prohibition was set aside, and now every Roman chapel-master composes a *Miserere*. Those which are sung during Holy Week, at St. John of Lateran, are often compositions by the chapel-master of that church and other modern writers; they attract large crowds, and some visitors stoutly maintain the heresy that they are finer than those sung by the Papal Choir, which are the orthodox old ones.

Music, after all, is a thing of habit and taste for the majority, more than of education. Ecclesiastical music of the Palestrina period and style requires not only culture for its appreciation, but a peculiar kind of culture. The listener must be familiar with the music and know something of the age in which it was written. It is very unlike any music to which modern ears are accustomed; it has neither melody nor rhythm, and little expression, so far as the meaning of the words go; and yet the general expression is fuller and richer than in any modern music. It is remarkable for noble, dignified simplicity; the chords move along grandly; the figured parts cross and recross in a most marvelously complicated way, and yet there is no confusion. It addresses itself more to our thoughts than senses, and is strictly devotional.

This style of composition, however, is a music of the past; it can never be revived in our day, except as a curious remnant or relic of a religious age which seems almost gone. Like the language of the church to which it belongs, it is almost a dead tongue. The musical school which has produced it requires studies of stronger, more earnest discipline than pupils are willing now to give, because they are not especially pleasing—studies of phraseology, intonation and vocal mechanism. Certain parts of this music also were composed for voices of an exceptional and rare nature, and if sung by voices of another character the effect of the music is not the same. This kind of voice is growing more and more uncommon; thus every year is lessening the life of this music. In fifty years, probably in less time, the very tradition of it may be lost.

Music *alla Palestrina* sounds as old to the ears as the Pope Pascal I. mosaics or the paintings of Simone Memmi and artists anterior to Perugino look to the eyes, and yet it is not so very ancient. Jean Pierluigi, known as Palestrina, was born in 1523 and died in 1594. His best and most celebrated works were written between 1555 and 1571. Allegri, whose *Miserere* is so famous, was born in 1560, and died in 1652. He was of the same family as Correggio. The great painter, however, had been dead twenty-six years when his musical kinsman was born, for Correggio's period, it will be remembered, was from 1494 to 1534.

Avila, whose choruses of the Passion are celebrated, and which are sung at St. Peter's on Palm Sunday, lived at the end of the sixteenth century. In 1580 he wrote his Office of the Holy Week. He was a Spaniard; his true name was Vittoria. His music is sometimes attributed to him under his family name—sometimes under that of his birthplace, Avila. His motets, which are beautiful, are sung at St. Peter's all through the year, and a *Credo* by him is very fine.

Thus from these dates it will be seen that the classical period of religious music was long after the corresponding one of painting. The most brilliant epoch of painting can be considered as embraced between the birth of Leonardo da Vinci, in 1452, and the death of Titian, in 1576. Ecclesiastical music had its birth just as the great epoch of painting was closing. Bai and Bainsi, whose church music is also much admired by the Palestrina devotees, lived nearer our own times. Bai was chapel-master of St. Peter's in 1713. Bainsi was born in 1775, died in 1844, and was chapel-master twenty-five years. He was the master of Mustafa.

Bainsi was a remarkable man; he was devotedly attached to old ecclesiastical music; searched out numberless treasures among the piles of ancient music collected in the archives of the Sistine, St. Peter's, St. John of Lateran, &c. Bainsi, also wrote a long, laborious life of Palestrina, which is a mine of information to the reader who may be curious for that

port of musical knowledge. This book is now out of print, and very difficult to obtain. Sgambati, the celebrated Roman pianist, friend and pupil of Liszt, owns a copy; to his courtesy I am indebted for this book, which has been of great service to me.

Easter Sunday ceremonies, benediction and cupola illumination were, as usual, very fine. Monday night there were superb fireworks on the Pincian hill. Through the kindness of Lanciani's sister, Countess Vespignani, I had a seat in her private loggia. Her husband designed the main piece, a representation of the New Jerusalem, as described by St. John in the Apocalypse. Then there were magnificent pyrotechnic displays of the most brilliant kind. Last evening the city was illuminated. Many of the designs were similar to those of last year. One of the most effective, and at the same time the most simple, was the Pantheon. A huge cross blazed in front of the bronze door, and the whole space inside of the pillars of the façade was illuminated with Bengal lights. The foot of the Ripetta was like a fairy scene. On the opposite side of the Tiber there was a temple of fire with a Virgin enshrined in it; and the little streamers, hung with large parti-colored lamps, went up and down the stream; every little while Bengal lights threw the most magical light over river, shore, little fleet, buildings and trees. The Ripetta or Scrofa (for the street which leads down on the right from the Porto del Popolo has both names) was brilliantly illuminated its full length, with every imaginable design and religious emblem; and from time to time, at various points, Bengal lights and fireworks flashed out.

The Fountain of Trevi was one of the handsomest points. Bengal lights made this superb façade of sculpture and water look like some enchanted spot. Every Piazza had its attraction. The main streets of Rome are famous for their fine architectural terminations; at each end there is an obelisk, a column, a gateway, or remarkable building. Last evening these were each and all outlined and studded with lamps. The obelisk and columns towered up and seemed to tremble and vibrate in the night sky, as the wind agitated the flames of the lamps. The Spanish steps leading up from the Piazza di Spagna were more than beautiful; the steps were blazing with light from base to summit; each broad stone stair hung with lamps, and on top, in front of the Trinità del Monte Church, the obelisk of red granite which used to stand in the Circus of Sallust was one solid shaft of flame. The Pope went through the city and enjoyed the fine show as much as we did. The Piazza of St. Peter, the obelisk and colonades were gemmed with lights. Bengal lights gave a superb effect to the architecture and fine fountains.

Yesterday was a very rich day to some of us. In the afternoon Sgambati gave one of his delightful classical matinées. He played the *Sonata Appassionata* for one of his solos. He and Pinelli played Schumann's *Grande Sonata*, opus 44, piano and violin. His other solos were Liszt's *Etude*, 23, and *Scherzo Fantastico*. Pinelli played Joachim's *Romance du Concerto Hongroise*, with string and piano accompaniment, and the *matinée* closed with a Mendelssohn Concerto for violin, with accompaniment.

Sgambati's execution is so fine to my ears that I am glad to hear the enthusiasm of others over his playing. I feel assured then that I am exaggerated in my admiration. He is passionate, concentrated, scholarly, and full of originality. This distinguished young artist is constantly receiving offers of fine positions in various parts of Europe, but he loves Rome so dearly he cannot uproot himself. However, I am afraid he will not remain much longer in the Eternal City. When Sgambati leaves Rome, one of its greatest attractions to the music-lover will be gone. Next Monday there will be another *matinée*, and in a few days he will give a grand Beethoven Symphony.

De Beriot.

Charles Auguste de Beriot, born at Louvain, the 20th February, 1802; died at Brussels, the 8th April 1870, was descended from an old and highly esteemed family.* Having been left an orphan when he was nine years old, he found, in M. Tilly, a professor of music, at Brussels, a guardian and a second father, as well as a master, who exerted himself zealously to develop the boy's aptitude for music. He had attained a certain degree of skill upon the violin, his progress having been so rapid that he was able to perform publicly Viotti's Concerto in A minor (letter H), before he was nine years old, exciting thereby the admiration of his countrymen. Nature had endowed him with a most delicate ear for correctness of intonation, and this was combined in his playing with naturally elegant taste. Being, moreover, of a meditative turn, and finding in those around him no model whom he could imitate, he sought in himself

the principle of the Beautiful, of which he could have no notions save those due to the spontaneous action of his own individuality. This is, perhaps, the proper place for investigating the causes which gave rise to the report bruited about, that De Beriot was a pupil of Jacotot. This fact, accredited by the author of *L'Enseignement universel*, and by the declarations of De Beriot himself, needs some little explanation. The general attention of the inhabitants of Belgium had been, for some years, directed to the results, which appeared to have been obtained by Jacotot's method; the progress made by those who studied it was said to be something marvellous in every branch of learning. De Beriot determined to see what advantage he could derive for his purposes from the practice of it. He had some interviews with the inventor, but scarcely learned more than two things, namely: that perseverance triumphs over all obstacles, and that, generally speaking, men are not sincere in their determination to do all they can. The young artist felt the full force of these propositions, which his intelligence perceived how to turn to account. Such is the way in which De Beriot was a pupil of Jacotot. He could not have been so in any other fashion, for it is not sure that Jacotot could have decided whether the violinist played in tune or not. However this may be, a fortunate moral and physical organization, an education well begun, and the most carefully regulated exertion, were not long before they rendered De Beriot a highly talented artist, who merely wanted to be brought into contact with talented men in other lines, in order to obtain finish; introduce a proper co-ordination in his efforts; and enable him to acquire a character of originality.

De Beriot was nineteen when he quitted his native city and went to Paris, where he arrived about the commencement of the year 1821. The first thing he did was to play before Viotti, then director of the Opera. After listening to him attentively, the celebrated artist said: "You have a fine style; exert yourself to improve it; hear all men of talent; profit by everything, and imitate nothing." This advice seemed to suggest his having no master; but De Beriot thought he ought to take lessons of De Baille, and, for this purpose, entered the Conservatory. But he was not long before perceiving that his talent possessed a peculiar character of its own, which could with difficulty be modified, except at the price of its originality. He remained, therefore, only a few months in the classes of the Conservatory. He returned to his own private direction, and soon afterwards played, with brilliant success, at a few concerts. His first *Airs variés*, compositions full of grace and novelty, were published, and increased his incipient reputation. His way of performing them added an inexpressible charm. All those he published constituted for a long period the usual repertory of a great many violinists.

After shining in Paris, De Beriot proceeded to England, where he found a no less brilliant reception, especially during his subsequent visits. In London and some other cities of Great Britain he gave concerts, at which his fine talent was enthusiastically applauded. Besides being repeatedly engaged at the Philharmonic Concerts, he was engaged more-over for some of the musical festivals given annually in the principal English towns. On his return, already possessing a brilliant reputation, to his own country, he was presented to King William I., who, though caring little for music, felt the necessity of ensuring the independence of a young artist who promised to prove an honor to his native land. He bestowed on him, therefore, a pension of 2,000 florins, and the title of first solo violinist in his own private band. The Revolution of 1830 deprived De Beriot of these advantages.†

From the moment that the artist's talent began to show itself, it went on developing itself; on attaining maturity, it was distinguished by a combination of the most precious qualities, namely: a most beautiful tone; invariable correctness, a quality in which Lafont was his only rival; unusual elegance of taste; a personal style; and, finally, a certain charm, in which he was never surpassed, and perhaps never equalled by any one. Critics, who never forfeit their rights, formerly reproached De Beriot with combining a slight degree of coldness with his purity; their criticisms were useful to him, for warmth and vigorous bowing became no less remarkable in his play, than correctness and taste. Complaints were also made that, restricting the flight of his talent to composing and executing *Airs variés*, he confined himself within too narrow limits; he cleared himself, also, from this reproach, by composing concertos which he played at various concerts, and in which he exhibited conception and execution on a grander scale than previously. Having been appointed professor of the violin at the Conservatory of Brussels in 1845, he composed his later concertos for his pupils, throwing into each of them charming ideas and

touches, as remarkable for their elegance as for their brilliancy. It has been said that this music, so favorable to the talent of those who execute it, is much less difficult than it appears. I do not know whether this observation is to be considered a criticism, or whether it is not rather an eulogium. Having become the friend of the celebrated Mme. Malibran, De Beriot travelled with her in Italy, England, and Belgium. In 1835, he became her husband.‡ The numerous opportunities he enjoyed of hearing this inspired lady appear to have exerted the most happy influence on his talent. At Naples, where he played at a concert in the Teatro San Carlo, he achieved a most enormous success, a thing very rare with the Italians, who being passionately devoted to singing, bestowed, at that period, as a nation, very little attention on instrumental music.

Having permanently taken up his abode at Brussels after the death of Mme. Malibran-de Beriot, he did not appear publicly for several years.* In 1840, however, he made a tour in Germany, stopping some time at Vienna, where he gave concerts. Unfavorable changes in his health, changes recurring at various periods, at length caused him to take the resolution of playing no more in public, though his talent was still in its full power. He no longer played except to his pupils, and some few privileged friends, who still admired the fulness and the charm of his style. Unfortunately, some more serious shocks to his constitution, at an age which is not one for resisting infirmity, obliged him, in 1852, to resign his post as professor. Paralysis of the optic nerve had suddenly deprived him of sight, and the hopes he at first entertained of being cured had not been realized.

De Beriot's principal works are: Nine Concertos; "Airs Variés;" Studies; Sonatas and Duets; Trios; a Cantata, executed at the Brussels Conservatory of Music, in April, 1853; &c.

De Beriot's last work, the most important of the productions he wrote at a ripe age, is his *Méthode de violon en trois parties*, Paris, 1858, one vol., large 4to. The first part contains the elements and treats of the positions; the second contains the theory of bowing, and its various applications; we find in it also instructions relating to harmonics. The third part treats of style. Each of the parts contains an ample collection of studies to enable the student to carry out the precepts.

De Beriot was a member of the Royal Academy of Belgium, and of the Musical Academy of Rome; Officer of the Order of Leopold; Knight of the Iron Cross; of the Oak Crown, of Holland; of Merit, of Saxe-Coburg, &c.

The solemn funeral service was celebrated on Tuesday, the 12th inst., in the parish church of St. Gudule, in the presence of a large crowd of persons, connected mostly with art and literature. The son of the deceased was chief mourner. Among those present on the sad occasion was M. Henri Vieuxtemps, the most illustrious of all the virtuosos reared in the school of the great master; MM. Féis, director of the Conservatory; Guéret; Ch. Rogier; the Prince de Chimay; Van Sonst; the Chevalier L. de Burbure; the Chevalier van Elewycck; Soubre, director of the Liège Conservatory; and P. Benoît, director of the Antwerp Conservatory; MM. Du pont, Dumon, Biales, Ad. Samuel, Bosselet, Artôt, Duhem, Guéllus, B. Fauconier, Mailly, and other distinguished artists, both of Brussels and other places.

* By a royal decree of the 16th April, 1853, his claim to belong to the aristocracy was formally acknowledged. His arms were: "D'or à trois têtes de renard de gueules—Cimier: une tête de renard de l'écu."—Ed. Guide Musical.

† Jean François Tilly, born at Feluy (Hainault), the 25th April, 1772; died at Louvain, the 14th December, 1844.—*Ibid.*

‡ Which did not prevent his setting to music "La Marche des Belges," "a patriotic song, words by Boquet, dedicated to the brave defenders of liberty." De Beriot discreetly kept in the shade this act of his life, an act to which he was indebted for the Iron Cross, that he never wore.—Ed. Guide Musical.

§ There was only one child by this marriage: M. Charles Wilfried de Beriot, a talented pianist, at present established in Paris. By his second marriage, with a sister of Thalberg, De Beriot had one son, an officer in the Belgian army, who died some years since.—Ed. Guide Musical.

¶ Or, more accurately, eighteen months. De Beriot made his re-appearance in public on the 15th December, 1837, at the concert of the Philharmonic Society of Brussels, on which occasion two medals were struck off, one being for the illustrious violinist, and the other for his sister-in-law, Mme. Pauline Garcia (Mme. Viardot), who then made her debut in a career which she afterwards pursued with such brilliant results. The two subsequently joined in a tour through the Belgian provinces and Germany, and, on the 15th December, 1838, the anniversary of the concert at Brussels, they played at the Theatre de la Renaissance, Paris.

The Candle Symphony.

It is no rare occurrence to see some of the gravest and the most severe musicians—musicians who, as a

rule, are distinguished for their grand inspirations—abandon themselves, in fits of caprice, to the most diverting instances of musical buffoonery. In the midst of an old book comprising different works by Carissimi, in the midst of psalms, and of motets written in the severest style imaginable, the reader is greatly astonished, and even greatly delighted, at coming across such pieces as the "Capuchin's Beard" (*Venerabilis barba capucinarum*); "An Ass's Will," with an imitation of the testator's melodious voice; the "Lesson in the rudiments, or the Declension of the pronoun, Hic, Hæc, Hoc;" "The Burlesque Requiem," in which a grave voice slowly pronounces the funeral words, while the soprano sings the following anything but poetic lines:—

"Quand mon mari vient de dehors
Ma rente est d'être battue."

We all know the admirable bit of musical buffoonery written by Mozart to ridicule his set of amateurs at Prague. Berton, the author of *Montano et Stéphanie*, published a small collection of canons, in which the most profound science is applied to the treatment of the most comical ideas. *Les Héracités et les Démocrites*, a canon, with double chorus, in which one set lament and complain to a sorrowful and devout melody, while the second set sing "la bouteille et son jus divin," is a work of only a few pages, but the hand of a master is as apparent as it would be in a work of greater compass. Who, however, can fancy Haydn, the most learned, the most serious, and the most methodical of composers, with his frilled shirt front, his lace ruffles, and his venerable *perruque*, seated at his table writing works that give him the right to the title of the prince of burlesque composers? Never, however, was a title more deserved.

Haydn's musical pleasantries are numerous; some are exceedingly strange. The "Ox Minuet" is celebrated. We know that Haydn endeavored to imitate in it the lumbering gait and movements of the patient animal just named. For some time a rivalry existed between Haydn and Steibelt. The latter's symphonies carried off the palm, even in the opinion of the English, from those of the great composer. Haydn was annoyed at the preference thus shown to his rival. One day he had an explanation with his friends on the subject. "Steibelt!" he said, with an accent of profound contempt, "I will crush him!"

How shall we make the reader understand in what manner Haydn was resolved to crush Steibelt? We read, in a chronicle of the Middle Ages, that a man who was possessed, and whom the devil would not allow a moment's respite, went to consult a famous exorciser. The latter ordered the poor wretch to seat himself in a butt of water, with only his head above the surface. He then went through the usual forms. The devil was conquered, but fearing to meet the irritated face of the exorciser, he knocked out the bottom of the butt and fled obstreperously. It was with an explosion of this kind that Haydn determined to crush Steibelt. So, when, in the midst of an admirable piece, in which the master had exhausted all the resources of his genius, the formidable low C of the bassoon was unexpectedly heard, every one was seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter; the imitation was perfect, and Steibelt was dethroned.

The *Candle Symphony* boasts a rather curious origin. The musicians of some petty German prince or other were very unpunctual at rehearsals; they came late, and frequently blew out their candles and went away before the rehearsal was over. The following is the plan of it:—The first piece is written in a very beautiful style; the *andante* with the mutes is delicious; the minuet is lively and rapid; next comes the *finale*, consisting of two movements, the first in *duplo* time, and the second, *andante amoroso*, in triple time. The last part then commences. From its very beginning something eccentric, unusual, out of the way, greets, now and then, the ear; a horn disports out of its own proper domain: a clarinet allows sounds to escape from it which appear but little consonant with its mild and melancholy character. Is it possible that Haydn's genius is deserting him, the audience must have thought. Suddenly a horn indulges in a most execrable solo, and then, humiliated by the phrase allotted to it, blows out its candle and slowly steals off. The confusion continues. The clarinet, also, puts out its light, and escapes in its turn. The horn in A, lost up in the very high notes, quietly drops down to the middle A, and imitates its fellows. The double-bass endeavours to hold its own against the storm, and runs furiously up and down the four strings. But, very slowly, utterly worn out and exhausted, the terrible instrument ceases its rumblings and disappears. The violoncello does the same; the flute follows: the tenors and the violins hurry off, and out go their candles. The harmony, so powerful a short time previously, is now nothing more than a vague and confused murmur; it is the distant noise of the sea; the murmuring breeze;

a humming-bird flying past; the flight of a gnat; and then nothing at all. The first violin, left by itself, extinguishes the single modest light in the orchestra, makes a low bow to the spectators, and retires, like a captain who does not abandon the fight till all his soldiers have deserted.

Such is the *Candle Symphony*.—*London Musical World*.

Musical Correspondence.

Further Extracts from the Diary of a young man of the "Future."

DRESDEN, APRIL 9. (Saturday Evening). I went to the rehearsal at the Hof-Theater, of Beethoven's Mass in D and Symphony in C minor. Sunday evening was the performance. The Mass was as well given as a composition of such difficulty is ever likely to be. The soloists were Mme. Otto-Alvarsleben, Mlle. Nanitz, Herr v. Witt, and a Basso, whose name I forget. He undertook the part at the last moment, as Scaria was suddenly taken hoarse and could not sing. Mme. Otto-Alvarsleben is a true artist and she led the quartets grandly. Her voice has too little of the reedy *timbre* to be very sympathetic, and her utterance is indistinct, but she sings very understandingly, especially in such music, and is as firm as a rock. Nanitz's beautiful voice and expressive singing made me as wild about her as ever. Von Witt and the basso both did very well. The chorus sang well in tune and with precision, but their position on the stage was unfavorable, and it was merely from their greater power of *sostenuto* that they could be distinguished from the solo-singers. All effects of volume and power was lost. I enjoyed the Mass greatly, especially those parts in which the "9th Symphony spirit" is let loose. Impossible as Beethoven's choral compositions are, they thoroughly repay careful study, and are worth a thousand failures or half successes in performance. T. and I usually wade through Liszt's two-piano arrangement of the 9th Symphony two or three times a week, and I am ready to shake hands with Richard Wagner or any other enthusiast about it. Talking of Wagner, I have just read his pamphlet "*Ueber das Dirigiren*." He has a disagreeable way of shoving himself into the front rank in everything he writes, but the pamphlet is full of fine thoughts. What he says of Mendelssohn seems to me the justest criticism (*sit venia mihi hæretico*) I have ever read; though I can't feel the justice of what he says of Schumann. I sympathize with him heartily in his remarks on the "anti-effect" school, and wish the same gospel could be preached from every musical pulpit in Europe and America,—especially Boston.

Thursday morning, at half-past six, Messrs. L., D., T., H. and myself started for Leipzig to hear the public rehearsal of Bach's "Passion" in the Thomaskirche. It was my first hearing of the work, and I was enough delighted, really delighted with the music to have satisfied the most enthusiastic Bachite. There is enough melody in it to have founded a whole host of Donizettis! [And what wonderful dramatic power is displayed in the recitatives and choruses! I know of nothing in all oratorio writing that I should rank as high as the opening chorus, except perhaps "And the people of Israel sighed" in Handel's "Israel in Egypt." Franz's orchestral additions do not seem to me to be entirely in the spirit of the original, especially in the choruses. Bach's choral writing is so fine, and the voices are so grandly used that any orchestral effect seems worse than superfluous. Besides, the passages where Bach himself has made play with his orchestra and used the instruments to some dramatic purpose, (as for instance in the recitative where the "veil of the temple was rent in twain") lose half their effect when contrasted with Franz's more vigorous orchestration. But it seems to me that Franz's scoring of the songs

cannot be too highly praised. David's playing of the violin obligato in the air "*Erbarme dich*" was the most perfect piece of obligato playing. J. Rietz of Dresden conducted. One feeling was very strong in my mind after the rehearsal, the same that possessed me after my first hearing of "Lohengrin," namely: that no two composers are so much alike in spirit [?] as Bach and Wagner. A.

April 26. I have just got back from Berlin where I have been spending a week. The grand object of my trip was the last performance of the "Meistersinger." On Wednesday evening we crowded ourselves into the "Steh-parterre" and were fully repaid for four hours' standing. The cast was, as far as I can remember: Hans Sachs, Betz; Walther, Niemann; Eva, Mallinger; Magdalena, Brandt. Beckmeier and David I forget. The work deserves all the good that has ever been said of it and infinitely more. *Lohengrin* is little in comparison with it. As for the "dreaminess" that some people find in it, I can only say that there are those who find the 9th Symphony tiresome, and that people have been known to yawn over the slow movement of the 4th. I see as much "dreaminess" in one as in the other and no more. If perfect beauty and grace of melody, if the most wonderfully beautiful and rich orchestration, and above all if the most sparkling wit and humor, both dramatic and musical, are "dreaminess," then is *The Meistersinger* a most dreary production. The performance was good, very good, considering the difficulty of the work, and yet it was just that degree of excellence that makes one uncomfortable that it is not perfect. Mallinger and Betz left nothing to be desired, but Niemann is far from being the ideal Walther. He sang his first song, "*Am stillen Herd*," splendidly, but in the finale of the first act: "*Fanget an; so rief mir der Wald*," he was too boisterously ecstatic and did not come up to any fine conception of the music. The dream song in the third act, "*Morgenlich glühend*," does not lie at all in his line, and he gave the most mystical, dreamy, *zart* of songs without any mystery, dreaminess or tenderness. Nevertheless he was very fine in all the melodramas, and his acting was capital. His love-making with Eva was the most perfect thing of the kind I have ever seen on the stage. The way Eva and he rush into each other's arms, and he lifts her off the ground to kiss her, and the way she holds his hand in one of hers and strokes it and pats it with the other is simply perfect. The great quintet went very well, only one could not help the feeling that the singers were not quite sure of their parts. The intonation is very difficult, and the movement is so slow that any little want of aplomb is felt rather painfully. But it is a most glorious composition. The chorus in the third act: "*Wachet auf*," deserves all that Schuré has written about it. There is nothing more beautiful in Bach. [!]-Taken as a whole the "Meistersinger" impressed me more as a production of the highest order of genius than anything I have heard for a long time, and I should not hesitate to rank it with *Fidelio*, *Don Giovanni*, Cherubini's *Medea*, or any of the great masterpieces of dramatic music. [!]

Sunday evening we went to hear the 400th representation of *Don Giovanni*. It is strange how a man who could write the finale of the second act, and Donna Anna's recitative: "*Fu alquando avanza la notte*," should have been contented with such very undramatic numbers as the duet: "*Fuggi, crudele, fuggi*," or the quartet "*Non ti fidar*." Coming, as it did, so soon after the *Meistersinger*, the dramatic poverty of the opera was painfully apparent, great as the music is.

The performance was pretty good as a whole, though I know of no opera that loses so much by translation in German. The concerted pieces were horribly butchered with the exception of the sextet: "*Sola, sola*," which for some unknown reason was

very well given; none of the singers, for a wonder, shirking their parts in the *tutti*. Frau Voggenhuber sang "Or sai chi l'onore" most splendidly, better than I have ever heard it sung, and far, far better than either Parepa or Tietjens. Betz was by no means up to the part of the Don, though he sang conscientiously and with a certain amount of clumsy jollity. "La ci darem" and the serenade were the numbers he sang best in. Lucca's Zerlina was enchanting. Her voice is one of the most beautiful I have ever heard; reedy and sympathetic as a voice can be, at times almost like a muted viola. Her conception of the character was entirely "paysanne," with a good dose of coquetterie thrown in. She sang the part in Berlin dialect, using *mir* for *mich* and vice versa. This sounds rather clatrap, but it was really a charming piece of "couleur local." When encoired in "Batti, batti," and "Vedrai carino," she repeated them in Italian, and you cannot imagine how much better they sounded. Both in singing and acting Lucca's Zerlina leaves Patti's far behind. The *mise en scène* was gorgeous. The ballroom scene was for once a ballroom, with no end of silks and satins and jewelry, and in the last finale, instead of the Don's sitting down to a solitary ham-sandwich and macaroni, which always seemed to me the most dismal and un-Don-Juan like proceeding, he shared his galantine and champagne, (and a good deal of it) with a very fascinating and gay crowd of demi-monde and cavaliers. In honor of the 400th performance the opera was given entire, with the exception of the scenes after the "Höllenfahrt," and the duet: "Per queste tue manine." A.

Music Abroad.

London.

ORATORIO CONCERTS.—The performance of Bach's "Matthew Passion" music at the sixth of these concerts, on the 6th ult., at Exeter Hall, was an event which cannot be dismissed with the usual formalities of conventional criticism. Assuredly it must help forward the cause of musical progress in this country; but it will be by taking us back, and showing us how at one time sacred art, unfettered by the crushing effect of popular applause, was moulded solely by the requirements of the subject which it illustrated; and how artists became priests in a faith which their God-like nature enabled them to glorify and ennoble. That Bach throughout his life worked with the utmost reverence for his art can be doubted by none acquainted with any of his compositions; but with what reverence he worked for his religion can only be appreciated by those who have well studied his "Passion-Music," according to St. Matthew, which is unquestionably the finest of his settings of this subject, although three out of the five which he wrote are also known. The admirers of the "sensation" school, to which modern music is rapidly drifting, must have found little to gratify them in the performance of this fine old specimen of the product of an age in which effect was never sought for at the expense of art; but those who placidly yielded themselves to the influence of music, apart from the time in which it was written, were so ardently impressed with the sublimity of the work that even the applause, which they liberally bestowed, appeared scarcely suitable to express the feelings induced by listening to a composition so utterly unlike those to which they had been accustomed. That this effect upon a mixed audience could be foreseen is perhaps too much to expect; and it may be from this reason that Mr. Barnby, anxious to make the work successful, omitted several pieces, amongst the most important of which was the Chorale which ends the first part. His experience must, we are sure, have now convinced him that in future performances these may be safely restored. Every part cut out from a work, one of the great merits of which is its perfection of construction, is detrimental to its effect. Mr. Barnby is a teacher of the public, and loses his power when he defers to his pupils; let us trust, therefore, that the same enthusiastic admiration of the composition which led him to present Beethoven's Mass in D precisely as its author wrote it, will prompt him to give us the inexpressible pleasure of hearing the "Passion-Music" next season in the same entirety.

Mr. G. A. Macfarren's able analysis of this work

—with which we trust our readers are well acquainted—will absolve us from the necessity of any description of its wonderful details. Let those who believe Bach's music "antiquated" account for the overwhelming effect of the double chorus, "Have lightnings and thunders in clouds disappeared," (which was re-demanded with an enthusiasm which overcame the conductor's well-known dislike of encores), for the amount of spontaneous applause bestowed upon the chorales, or for the attentive manner in which the final chorus (usually the signal for a general rising) was listened to and appreciated. Many of the songs, too, and short recitatives appeared more deeply felt by the majority of the audience than is usually the case in our modern sacred compositions, even when the room is resounding with the loudest demonstrations of approval. The rendering of the choral portion of this work reflected the utmost credit upon Mr. Barnby and his well-trained body of singers. The chorales were sung with a decision and pathos of expression which we have never heard equalled—the chorus already mentioned, "Have lightnings and thunders" tested the powers of the two choirs with a success which astonished even the most ardent worshippers of Bach; and the more quiet choruses were given with a clearness scarcely to be expected by those who knew the excessive complexity of the writing. The solos were excellently given by Mme. Rudersdorff, Mlle. Drasdil, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. The beautiful air "Jesus Saviour," was exquisitely sung by Mme. Rudersdorff; and amongst the pieces for the contralto which produced the most profound impression we may mention the pathetic air "Grief for sin," and the solo with chorus, "See the Saviour's outstretched arm," both of which were rendered with a religious fervor, by Mlle. Drasdil, which proved that she is fully capable of taking the highest place as an exponent of sacred music. Mr. Cummings had evidently made an earnest study of the solos given to the Evangelist, all of which he delivered with the utmost artistic feeling, the Recitative "Now Peter sat without," especially eliciting a spontaneous burst of applause. The music assigned to Mr. Lewis Thomas is important, but not calculated to produce much effect. Everything he did, however, was done well; the air "Twas in the cool of Eventide," receiving the utmost justice. The orchestra was thoroughly efficient; and a word of praise must be assigned to Herr Strauss, who played the violin *obligato* to the air "Have mercy upon me, O Lord" with much delicacy and refinement. Mr. Barnby conducted with real intelligence, the more to be commended from the fact of his having no model upon which to base his reading of the work. Mr. Thorne presided with much skill at the pianoforte, and Mr. Docker showed a wise reticence in the management of the organ which we should like to find more extensively followed.—*Mus. Times.*

MR. MANN'S BENEFIT CONCERT. "Benefits" are sometimes given on very small provocation. They are, not unfrequently routine affairs, in which the slightest possible sympathy exists between the person complimented and those who compliment. The benefit concert given in Mr. Mann's name at the Crystal Palace on Saturday had no connection whatever with this class. Between the Crystal Palace conductor and the Crystal Palace audience there is a more than ordinary tie. Each is indebted to the other for favor received or pleasure conferred; and both have at heart a common interest. Saturday's proceedings were, therefore, exactly what they pretended to be, while the crowd drawn together, we may hope, made the "benefit" something more than a benefit in name. Even those who, like ourselves, frequently differ from Mr. Manns on questions of musical faith and practice will be glad of this result. On the whole, he is undoubtedly doing much for music. If proof were wanting, it would be found in the list of works performed during the past winter. The list in question begins with twenty symphonies, of which seven are by Beethoven; Haydn, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Schumann contributing two each. Following the symphonies, come fifty-two overtures and orchestral pieces, the composers most largely drawn upon being Mendelssohn (10), Beethoven (6), Weber (5), Mozart (4), and Schubert (4). As showing impartial selection we may place opposite to the works of these masters others by Berlioz, Raff, Reinecke, Rubenstein and Wagner, which have been presented, let us hope, that the public may, by a knowledge of that which is weak, incline to that which is strong. The concertos and other instrumental solos number twenty-three; Beethoven and Mendelssohn again headed the lot, followed closely by Bach and Weber, Ries and Patti bringing up the rear. The catalogue ends with eight vocal works of importance, to which Beethoven and Mendelssohn, yet again, most largely contribute. Of these one

hundred and three works, twenty-one were played for the first time at the Crystal Palace, the number being made up thus:—Four Symphonies, by Mozart, Bennett, Hiller, and Cowen respectively; eight overtures, &c.; seven instrumental solos; Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*, and Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*. The names just mentioned show that regard has been paid to native talent, and, fairly considered, the entire list must give satisfaction. Anyhow, there is no denying that in the department of orchestral music it stands alone, and claims the highest honors of successful labor. "The Saturday Concerts"—so runs a note at the end of the catalogue—"will recommence on the first Saturday, in October next." To lovers of classical music it would be hard to make a more grateful announcement.

In drawing up his programme Mr. Manns was careful to aim at the gratification of varied tastes as far as consistent with his general plan. For the popular taste he provided a selection of vocal music ranging from songs by Schumann downwards. Mlle. Reboux sang Rode's air with variations and Ardit's valse, "L'Estasi" (both utterly unsuited to her voice and style); Mme. Florence Lancia gave "Ardon gl' incensi;" Mr. Vernon Rigby was heard in "Come, ye children," from Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, and two of Schumann's songs (scored for orchestra by Mr. Manns); Signor Urlo contributed Mercadante's "Bella adorata," and Signor Mongini, "M'appari" (encored) and "La donne è mobile." The orchestral music requires more notice. In the first place it was played by an augmented band of 100 performers, and played to perfection. Rarely has such an orchestra been brought together; still more rarely has it been used to such purpose. Next, the works chosen were in great part admirable, wholly interesting. Mozart's overture to *Der Schauspieler Director* led the way, and was dashed off in a style harmonizing with its agreeable and spirited character. The entire opera—a "Comedy with Music" Mozart himself called it—was written with special regard for particular circumstances and particular voices. Therefore it has become obsolete; the overture alone remaining. Nobody fears for this relic, at least till the "future" comes which is to bring the apotheosis of Herr Wagner. Then, not only the overture to *Der Schauspieler Director*, but also much other music will have a place on the upper shelves of dusty libraries. Beethoven's seventh symphony, so often played under Mr. Manns as to be among the works with which his audience are most familiar, calls for neither description nor criticism. In justice, however, we must dwell for a moment upon a performance of more than usual merit. The orchestra rendered the symphony with the precision of a machine, plus the artistic insight which can discern and the artistic power which can express the composer's idea. No more remarkable effort has been made during the season.

Weber's *Concertstück* in F minor, played by Mme. Schumann, was a contribution to the popular element in the programme. Everybody knows this much used—often ill-used—work, and a recall for the artist was the certain result, especially as Mme. Schumann exhibited all her distinctive qualifications. Bach's violin prelude in E major was given in peculiar and questionable form. Fate has made grim sport of this work. Bach himself adapted it as an organ solo with orchestral accompaniments leading to his anthem, "Wir danken dir, Gott." This was played at the Crystal Palace three years ago, with the solo relegated to the violin. On Saturday the prelude appeared as arranged for a number of violins with new and entirely different accompaniment by Herr Stör. How next, we may ask, will the unfortunate work be treated? By way of comfort, the programme assures us that "nothing can subdue the astonishing vigor and *entrain* of the original." From this comfort may undoubtedly be derived; nevertheless, we can hardly agree with the policy of playing tricks upon great works simply because their greatness cannot be hidden. Herr Stör's version of Bach, though executed with much spirit, produced little effect. Some ballet music (MS.) from Mendelssohn's *Wedding of Canacho*, played for the first time in England, was agreeably interesting, and the concert fitly ended with a masterly performance of Weber's overture to *Oberon*.—*Mus. World.*

SACRED MUSIC IN PARIS. The usual performance took place during Holy Week in the principal churches of Paris, almost every school of sacred music being represented, from the severe style of the ancient church writers down to the modern works of Rossini and Gounod. At St. Roch on Good Friday "The Passion" of Vittoria and the "Seven Words" of Haydn were performed with great success, under the direction of M. Vervolte, and on Easter Sunday the Mass was one of Cherubini's. Haydn's work was also performed at St. Geneviève, the singing of the choir being unusually good. At St. Eustache the

the modern taste was gratified by a performance of the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, under the able direction of M. Hurand. At S. Severin on Easter Day the Mass was the second of a set by M. Henri Covin, the choir-master. Of the mass by M. Dubois performed at the Madeleine, the critics speak in the highest terms. Among its special beauties are the final fugue of the Gloria, and the instrumental prelude of the Offertoire, in which the solos for the violoncello and the horn are remarkably effective.

At the Imperial Chapel at the Tuileries many eminent vocalists took part in the services. On Maundy Thursday Mlle. Nilsson, Mme. Gueymard, and the chorus of the Conservatoire sang in the Mass, and on the evening of the same day these artists performed the *Stabat Mater*. M. Cohen, the organist, played a "Virgo Virginum," adapted from the airs in *La Muette*. M. Auber, the director of the Imperial Chapel, conducted the orchestra for the first time for sixty-two years. On Good Friday the services were sung to the music by Pergolesi and Palestrina; on Easter Eve the chief work was a "Regina Celi" by Cherubini; and on Easter Day several of Marcello's psalms and the "Laudate Dominum" by Adolphe Adam were given.

The Society of Concerts of the Conservatoire, now in the forty eighth year of its existence, gave, according to custom, a concert on Good Friday, which is better described by the French "spirituel" than by any English term. The programme included Beethoven's Symphony in A; Mozart's Symphony in G minor; Mendelssohn's Overture to *Ruy Blas*; a motet by J. S. Bach: the "Sanctus," and the "Pie Jesus" from Gounod's "Requiem;" and the finale of the second part of Haydn's *Creation*. On Easter Sunday the same programme was performed before an equally crowded and enthusiastic audience.

At the Theatre Italien the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini was given on Maundy Thursday, followed by several *morceaux* from the works of other authors, Mlle. Krauss singing the "Ave Maria" first to Gounod's setting, and secondly to Schubert's. A selection from the *Redemption* of M. Alary was also performed. On Easter Eve Rossini's "Messe" was given, Mlle. Krauss taking the soprano music.

In the form of musical lectures M. A. Elwart gave an interesting sketch of the most celebrated composers of sacred music, including Pergolesi, Lesueur, Bellini, Kastner, Schubert, Cherubini, and Rossini, from whose works some excerpts were performed.

The "Seven Words" by M. Dubois, the chapel-master of the Madeleine, filled the programme of M. Pasdeloup's concert at the Cirque Napoleon. This work, which was first heard in 1869 at the church of S. Clothilde, where the composer formerly directed the choir, is most favorably spoken of. The most effective numbers are said to be the soprano air "Father, forgive them," the "third word" set down for the tenor, and a magnificent piece of unison for all the strings in the orchestra.

At the minor churches also special efforts were made to provide music suited to the season, but to offer even a brief chronicle of the works performed would occupy more space than we can spare. What we have said will however be sufficient to prove that in Paris as in Rome the music of the Holy Week is full of interest, and that no time or trouble is spared to make it worthy of its sacred object.—*Choir (London.)*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 21, 1870.

Old and New.

The spirit of our age in all its manifestations, of business, pleasure, Art, religion, is one of great uneasiness; and we, perhaps, are the uneasiest people upon earth. Particularly so in matters of taste, where we have no deep foundations of culture to make us calmly, quietly progressive. The musical taste with us forms no exception. We stretch out our arms to every novelty, and become so *blasé* with the excitement of all latest fashions that, after all, we have to own that there is nothing quite so new and fresh and sure to quicken as the old standard master works of times when Art was more sincere and genius not

all eaten up with egotism. Our own city, during the past five years, has furnished a good lesson. For five years we have had "Symphony Concerts," into the programmes of which nothing that was not standard, nothing questionable, or merely experimental, has ever been admitted; and for the first time we have seen a steady increase of success from the outset. When has there ever been such sure and permanent support for anything miscellaneous, sensational, catering to the taste or idle curiosity of any one and every one? Is it not practically demonstrated, that purity and high consistency of programmes is the first essential condition of any permanent success in serial concerts?

Meanwhile the New York Philharmonic Society, the oldest and most respectable of the Orchestral Societies in this country, seems to have been teaching the same lesson lately by holding up examples to be shunned; running after strange Gods: Wagner, Liszt, &c.; introducing the "sensational" element into its programmes, and catering to caprice. The vigorous, new administration worked to a charm for a while; concerts and rehearsals were thronged by all the votaries of Fashion. Another season is just over. But it appears that, after all, the music lovers are already weary of the "Future" coveted so eagerly by some. There has been much complaint and falling off in the attendance. The following comments on the last concert, taken from *Watson's Art Journal*,—though some of the sentences are not in the best taste, and some not quite intelligible—doubtless express a pretty common feeling among the truest music-lovers, and therefore among the *only* class who can be counted on in any city for the permanent nucleus of an audience for serial concerts of the highest order:

The last concert of the present season of the ancient and renowned Philharmonic Society, took place at the Academy of Music last Saturday evening. It was not very largely attended; the audience was fashionable and numerous for another concert, but barely three-fourths of the usual Philharmonic audiences. We shall not presume at this moment to speculate upon the causes of this very perceptible diminution in the numbers present at some of the concerts of the present Philharmonic season. We may touch upon this point possibly, in our review of the past season of the New York Philharmonic Society, and what it has done for art in its integrity. At this moment we can only say, that the past season should have been a success, for Dr. R. Ogden Doremus was always on hand, to lead on the ladies, who vouchsafed their services to the society, and to give away the material substance of the society to generous hearted volunteers; garnishing the gifts with honeyed words of figurative and mellifluous extolment. That Carl Bergmann was always there with unlimited powers to ride his hobby to death, and to thrust down the throats of the confiding, but oversimple subscribers the mad musical monstrosities of Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner. We cannot blame Mr. Bergmann, he is a German and is naturally impelled to sustain the honor of his people. It is, of course, the dominant musical intelligence of the great American nation, it rules the opera in the Bowery. It is the arbiter of taste in our private salons; it elevates and enlivens our funerals, and it animates our parades; it is the salutary elements which deadens (!) the delicate and infinitesimal feet of our dainty and spiritual American maiden. It nauseates with bad music the unnumbered audiences of our multitudinous theatres. It makes and unmakes managers, and in short, it does pretty much as it pleases, and nobody can say it nay!

For all this we are very much obliged, and we recognize the force of the stand taken, for we, being an easy, but self-sustained people, must submit, carelessly, to the control of somebody, and as the great Irish nation condescends to exert a gentle and imperceptible influence over our politics, so our aesthetic German citizens kindly consent to take and hold us by the ears through an exquisite concord of sweet and sensuous sounds.

Still, with all the advantages we have mentioned, we cannot but look upon the past season of the Philharmonic Society as a comparative failure on the whole. It is true that the great and much-to-be-worshipped amateur element has condescended to stoop down and mingle, in an aristocratic way, with the more professional, but we have not observed any elevating result arising therefrom. "The condescension was, of course, overwhelming, but we would humbly and falteringly remark that, while the coalition, which was spontaneous and complete as oil and water, was very damaging to the society, it was infinitely more so to the amateurs.

Of the last concert, we do not care to say much. Schumann's symphony in C is the least interesting of all his works of that class. It is very much spun out, very labored, stiff, and possesses even less spontaneity than his manner usually exhibits. It was fairly played, but its performance was by no means up to the Philharmonic standard. Gade's overture, "Reminiscence of Ossian," should have been called "a Mendelssohn," and a diluted reminiscence at that. Wagner's chorus, from his "Meistersinger," possesses some beautiful points of instrumentation, and some tender and impassioned phrases, how arrived at is a mystery profound; but the good that is in it is quite overshadowed by the fearful vocal and instrumental riot, which grows wilder and more furious the more the officer in command waves his baton in the vain endeavor to harmonize the conflicting elements. As a writer for the voice, Wagner outrages every vocal principle, and refuses to recognize registers or compass; what he requires to be done must be accomplished although the larynx split! His needs are imperative, and poor humanity must suffer in throat and ears.

As if to offset the raving of Wagner, Liszt, in his coldest and most uncompromising mood of musical asceticism and melodic barrenness, is introduced on the same programme! We shivered to the bone when we heard those blatant ravings with which the selection from his oratorio of "Elizabeth" commenced, and listened in a state of blank despair, as the horrors of mechanical, soulless, devil-inspired musical discord multiplied. We looked around and we found the same hopelessness, combined with a stolid expression of resignation upon every face—no, not on every face! One countenance beamed with supernal brightness, glowing with a sort of rare ecstasy, which could hardly be surpassed, even by the application of hot iron to the soles of the feet. Thus Bergmann stood, and seemed to drink in melodic rheumatism and harmonic gout at every pore. It is upon such food that he lives and grows fat! Gott in himmel, wot a beebles!

Beethoven's Concerto and his great *Fidelio* Overture No. 4, redeemed the audience from insanity; they were finely performed. Miss Anna Mehlig, in the Concerto, displayed all those fine points which we have credited her with in previous articles. She was very cordially called, and played, in admirable style, Paganini's *Campanella*, varied by Liszt, when temporarily sane. And so ended the Philharmonic season of 1869-70. A review of its achievements would certainly paint a moral, if it would not adorn a tale.

Now, mingled with the wholesome truth of the above there are, to be sure, some things smacking of unreason. The sneer at the German influence in our music seems wilfully blind to all but the more coarse and vulgar kind of German musicianship; and that is more apt to be Italian or French in its inspirations, than to be genuine German. Surely the writer will not deny that the best German influence among us has been a good one; for that would be denying Beethoven and Mozart. Then again, we do not think him just to Schumann. The English prejudice peeps out there; but not in so virulent a form as we have sometimes met it, where Schumann has been classed in the same category with Liszt and Wagner,—which is almost equal to the wild ingenuity of our young friend's discovery of a resemblance (in spirit too!) between Wagner and Sebastian Bach! Nevertheless, *mutatis mutandis*, it is evident that the musical heart of the great body of true music-lovers, after listening to those specimens of Liszt and Wagner, would say Amen to the general tone of the remarks which we have copied. And we have heard more than one prominent member of that same New

York Philharmonic Orchestra privately confess, and in sad earnest, to the same conviction.

Well, here too, in our own smaller city, with our smaller and less perfect means of execution, we have been abundantly contented with the good, alone, until Thomas came with his fine orchestra, and mingled Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner, Meyerbeer, &c., in the same programmes with Mozart and Bach and Beethoven; when, very naturally, not a few listeners, mainly of the class who have no settled tastes, confounding the splendid virtuosity of the performing orchestra with the subject-matter served up to them with such piquant flavoring, began to grow restless after change in our own select, staid, and (as they now for the first time suddenly discovered) "monotonous," and all too proper programmes. And here for a moment—we trust but a moment—presents itself a critical problem in our concert question for the next coming future. *Per contra*, let us not be alarmed; there is an offset to whatever danger may lie in this restlessness, in the comforting fact that the "Tassos" and the "Romeo and Juliets" and the noisy *Fackeltänze*, &c., notably failed to please or interest more than a small portion of the public in any of Mr. Thomas's Boston concerts; and that the delight with which a piece from Beethoven or any familiar classical master was welcomed after such bewildering and stunning novelties, was manifest in every face, as well as in the marked preponderance of applause. Perhaps the introduction of one or two such alien specimens into the next winter's concerts may be the surest way to confirm this experience beyond a doubt, and lay forever these disturbing ghosts.

Salem Oratorio Society.

It was something out of the common, and betokening a rare interest, for a crowd of Boston music-lovers, teachers, singers, &c., to be wending their way last Wednesday evening down to Salem to hear an Oratorio. But the young Society, organized only about three years since by earnest amateurs residing there, and full of fresh material and enthusiasm, under the direction of our CARL ZERRAHN, had already become famous for the excellence of its chorus-singing, as shown in its first public efforts (the *Creation* and *Messiah*). This time they essayed *Elijah*. From the moment of setting foot in the old town the air seemed full of expectation and excitement; it was like the pilgrimage from London to the Festival at Birmingham,—of course in a smaller way. The enthusiasm of the singers seemed to pervade also the crowded audience that sat awaiting the withdrawal of the curtain behind which the vocal ranks were hidden until all was ready, and did away the sombre impression of the homely and unmusical looking Mechanic Hall. The best life of the social, comfortable old town was all there; and it was evident, as soon as the choir was revealed to sight, that its elements were drawn mainly from the best life of Salem; the younger members of refined families, full of enthusiasm and desire to learn and do their best, constant and zealous in rehearsals, without the numerous distractions of our Boston life, so that their Oratorio meetings are ever kept in mind and heart as a great resource, and that engagement loyally made paramount to others.

We have no room or time (in the last hour before going to press) to report of the performance as we would. But if our readers could have overheard the lively comparison of notes among the returning party in the midnight train, they would feel quite sure that the whole performance must have been one of uncommon excellence. And indeed it was so. We speak for the whole party when we say that never in this country have we heard such chorus-singing.

There were about 250 fresh, pure voices—nearly all of them young people, at least in the Soprano and Alto,—remarkably well balanced; prompt, decided in attack; no dragging and drawing in their utterance, but all crisp and positive and clear; and every voice told; you knew that there were no dummies. The four parts were each distinctly felt in all the harmony, lending great clearness to the fugued passages. Such precision, spirit, careful light and shade—so nicely graduated that it did not seem mechanical, but the result of a fine common instinct of expression—we have seldom heard from any massive choir in Boston. Particularly were we struck by the perfection of the rendering of several of those rapid choruses, like: "Yet doth the Lord see it not" . . . his wrath will pursue us," &c., and "The fire descends from heaven," where all the voices ran along with crisp, clear outline, such as we have not heard in our own Music Hall.

The broad, full, even flow of the plain, massive harmonies ("His mercies on thousands fall," for instance), was not less admirable. And we know not when we have heard "Thanks be to God," and those other graphic and exciting choruses: "Behold! God the Lord passed by," that of the "fiery chariot," &c., more vividly and effectively brought out, so far as singing was concerned. The *pianissimo* was sometimes so beautiful, that it seemed a pity that the orchestral accompaniment could not be equally subdued.

The principal solos were by well-known Boston artists. We need not say how grandly Mr. WHITNEY gave the music of *Elijah*, nor with what power and fervor the soprano parts were rendered by Miss HOUSTON. Dr. LANGMAD, with his sensitive, and well trained voice, and cultured style, brought out the beauty of the tenor solos very satisfactorily; and Mrs. D. C. HALL, whom we had been accustomed to consider a soprano, (at least mezzo), bore the Contralto duties well, singing "O rest in the Lord" with much expression. The Quartets and the Angel Trio, too, were sung to admiration.

There was no Organ, and the performance as a whole, of course, had not the massiveness of our Handel and Haydn presentation of such works. But, until we shall hear better (which we do not expect to do very soon), we shall have to point to Salem for a model of good, true chorus-singing.

Mlle DE LA MOTTE'S "MUSICAL" we were not able to attend; but we have known enough of her teaching to have no misgiving in adopting the following account of it, which we find in Thursday's *Daily Advertiser*:

THE CHILDREN'S MUSICAL PARTY GIVEN BY Mlle DE LA MOTTE, at her residence in Hancock street, yesterday afternoon, was in every respect interesting and unique. Only the younger portion of the lady's pupils took part in the entertainment, but the programme was so arranged that the comparative proficiency and attainments of the different classes might be exhibited, from beginners of the year to young ladies quite well advanced in skill though not in years. It is but simple justice to say that the results exhibited are surprising. One can hardly trust the evidence of his senses when he sees little bits of girls sit down, or perhaps we should say, set down—to the pianoforte to play with evident enjoyment and interest, and with decided success, veritable compositions of Haydn and Beethoven, and Clementi, of decided difficulty. And the wonder is not likely to be diminished by listening to a genuine sonata of Beethoven, performed by sweet young girls of twelve or thirteen years. The point, however, to be especially noticed in the results of Mlle de la Motte's instruction is the remarkable touch which she succeeds in imparting to nearly every one of her pupils without exception. This is wonderfully strong, vital and elastic, and when once it is gained, it would seem that a great part of the pupil's work is accomplished. The effect was most impressive as one clever little scholar after another exhibited the same extraordinary power in making the instrument, as it were, speak and sing; and it was delightful to see that the desired result had been reached without undue stimulating and without any austerity of rule. It is manifest that Mlle de la Motte possesses the power of easy and cheerful government as well as remarkable skill in musical instruction.

Closing of a Well-Known Concert Room.

CHICKERING'S HALL, haunt of devout music-lovers, scene of nearly all our choice chamber music for ten years (almost), redolent with memories of Beethoven and Bach and Mozart, of Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, is no more! Business crowds Music out. On Monday evening of last week the "Chickering Club" (of part-song singers) fitly gave the last concert in the dear old place, which was listened to with delight, of course, by their invited friends, yet with a sad interest. The *Journal*, of May 10, thus reviews the history of the Hall.

With a private musical entertainment given last evening that favorite place of resort for concert-goers, Chickering's Hall, situated at 246 Washington Street, ceased to be occupied for musical purposes. It will henceforth be devoted to business uses, having been leased by Messrs. Jordan, Marsh & Co., together with the remaining rooms occupied by the Messrs.

Chickering & Sons, and soon to be vacated. For nearly ten years Chickering's Hall has been open, and it has been celebrated as one of the handsomest, cosiest and most comfortable concert rooms in America. Small in comparison with our other halls, elegant in design and finish, and admirably adapted acoustically to musical effect, it has possessed an air of geniality pleasurable alike to artist and listener. The musical public will sincerely regret to part with the place. About it cling many delightful memories, for it has been the scene of many of the most brilliant triumphs which grace our musical annals. Nearly all the great artists who have visited Boston during the past decade have played or sung there in public or private concerts, and it has been, of course, as largely favored with the presence of our local artists. All the chamber concerts given in Boston during the period mentioned have taken place there. Not infrequently the hall has been brought into use for other purposes, such as private amateur theatrical exhibitions, dramatic readings, lectures, etc., and for quite a period a religious society (Rev. Mr. Baikie's, Presbyterian) worshipped there on Sundays. No element of money making, however, entered into any contract made by the proprietors with those desiring its occupancy, and all parties have enjoyed its use free, or nearly so. By their generosity in this connection, the Messrs. Chickering have contributed very largely not only to the enjoyment and profit of our musical citizens, but also to the enrichment of several local charities in whose behalf special entertainments have been given. In bidding adieu to Chickering's Hall of the past, however, there is a consolation in knowing that the enterprising firm contemplate having a larger and fully as elegant a concert room in their new and more commodious quarters at the corner of Washington Street and Hayward Place.

Chickering's Hall was completed in the fall of 1860, and although a sort of impromptu opening took place in October of that year, on the occasion of a rehearsal of the Handel and Haydn Society, Col. Thomas E. Chickering at that time making an appropriate speech of welcome, it was formally dedicated by a concert on the evening of the 3d of November. There was a brilliant audience of musical people present, and Mrs. Harwood, Messrs. Dresel, Lang, Leonhard and Parker, Miss Mary Fay, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club and the Orpheus Club took part in the exercises. A week later Mrs. Harwood gave a concert, assisted by Mrs. E. A. Wentworth, Mrs. Jenny Kempton, Mr. Eichberg, Mr. Dresel, Mr. Bendelari and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and in the course of the same season concerts were also given by the Quintette Club, Mr. Dresel, Mr. Eichberg, Miss Fay, Mrs. Kempton and others. The Quintet Club continued to give their annual series of chamber concerts at this place until the present season, during which their pleasant entertainments have necessarily been omitted on account of the absence of the Club in the West. The famous Chickering pianos have, of course, been frequently heard here, and among the artists who have played here from time to time the names of Gottschalk, Teresa Carreno, James M. Wehli, Edward Hoffmann, Oscar Pfeiffer, Otto Dresel, B. J. Lang, Hugo Leonhard, J. C. D. Parker, Miss Mary Fay, Ernst Pernbo, Carlyle Petersilea, John K. Paine, G. E. Whiting, Filomeno, Miss Barnatche, John L. Hutton, Miss Alice Dutton, Hermann Daum, James M. Tracy, Miss Alide Topp and Miss Anna Mehlig will readily suggest themselves. Camilla Urso, Carl Rosa, Mme. Varian, Mme. de Villiers, Miss Adelaide Philipps, Mrs. Barry, Miss Ryan, the lamented Miss Anna Whitten, Miss Houston, Miss Barton, Miss Ridgway, Mrs. Hall, Habelmann, Brignoli, Dr. Guilmette, Mr. Rudolphsen, Barnabee, Kennedy, the Scotch vocalist, Dempster, the Obreys, and a host of other musical artists have also appeared here, and in most cases given concerts on their own account. Dr. Tuckerman, Mr. Henry Carter, Max Strakosch and others have also given musical entertainments, and some of the annual musical reunions of Mrs. Long, Mme. Gabrielle Le Motte, Mrs. Foster and other teachers have also taken place at Chickering's Hall. The Parker Club, formed in December, 1861, has always held its musical meetings here, and the rehearsals and private concerts of the club of gentlemen who took part in the entertainment last evening have also here had a place. March 2, 1867, Miss Philipps, Brignoli, Ferranti, Sarti and Docatelli, with Mr. S. Behrens as musical director, gave the opera of "Don Pasquale," and on the 4th of March, 1868, Mr. Eichberg gave his opera, "The Two Cadis," with Miss Julia Gaylord, Mr. Barnabee and others in the cast. In the season of 1861-2, and again in that of 1862-3, Messrs. Kreissmann, Leonhard and Eichberg gave some choice classical concerts, and Mr. Eichberg gave a course of orchestral soirees in 1861. Nearly one-half of the ninety odd

concerts of the New England Conservatory of Music have taken place at this hall, and the Boston Conservatory has also given some of its concerts here. During the present season two series of concerts have been given by Mr. Perabo, and others by the Listemann Quartette, Mr. Petersilen, Mr. Parker, Mr. Tracy and others. The Harvard Musical Association, the Harvard Glee Club, the Handel and Haydn Society, and the Orpheus Musical Society have in times past occupied Chickering's Hall for musical purposes, in some form or other, and the Cæcilia Society, a German singing association organized last fall, has also made its headquarters here.

The amateur dramatic performances referred to to have included some of the most brilliant and fashionable efforts in that line. The Belmont Dramatic Company and other aristocratic amateur theatrical organizations have at different times called together select audiences for the benefit of various local charities, or during the war for the aid of our soldiers and sailors. The list of those who have given dramatic or poetic readings would be very numerous, and it would include many eminent names. It has been a less favored place for lectures than for musical entertainments on account of its limited accommodations, but Ralph Waldo Emerson has delivered some of his celebrated discourses here, and the voices of other eminent men have also been heard within its walls, while a distinguished representative of the other sex—Miss Kate Field—made her first essay as a lecturer here a little over a year since.

But of the concert last evening, which closed this brilliant series of artistic gatherings. The affair was of a private character, and we do not, therefore, feel at liberty to speak of it so fully as we might under different circumstances. The entertainment was given by a private singing club well known in musical circles, under the auspices of the Messrs. Chickering, and the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity by a brilliant audience, which combined many well-known citizens and patrons of music, representatives of the musical profession, critics, etc. All of these were present by invitation, no tickets being sold. The interior of the hall was very beautifully decorated with a profusion of flowers and growing plants. Hanging baskets were at the windows and on the walls, and the platform was transformed into an exquisite floral bower. The programme consisted of a number of part songs, which were magnificently rendered by the Club, and a piano solo by Mr. J. C. D. Parker. The singing was exceedingly fine, and the music was of a character seldom heard at our public concerts, for the reason that male choirs of native voices are not numerous. The Club, which numbers some ten or a dozen voices, includes several gentlemen who are well known as soloists, and others who, although talented vocalists, have neither the leisure nor the inclination to appear in public. The programme was as follows:

| | |
|---------------------------|------------------|
| The Warrior's Prayer..... | Lachner. |
| The Night..... | Abt. |
| Champagne Song..... | Schroter. |
| a. The Dreamy Lake..... | Schumann. |
| b. The Rose..... | Gade. |
| Always More..... | Seifert. |
| Piano Forte Solo..... | J. C. D. Parker. |
| Evening Song..... | Næster. |
| a. Serenade..... | Petschke. |
| b. Spring Song..... | Durrner. |
| Hunter's Joy..... | Astholz. |
| Early Morning..... | Abt. |
| Chorus from "Elipus"..... | Mendelssohn. |

The chorus by Seifert, the Hunters' Chorus, by Astholz, and Mr. Parker's piano solo were encored. At the close of the final chorus it was announced that the first music heard in the hall was "Old Hundred, and it was thought appropriate to have the same sung as the final piece. The audience were invited to join with the Club in the hymn, and did so with grand and impressive effect.

Messrs. Jordan, Marsh & Co. will proceed to occupy the hall this morning, but Messrs. Chickering & Sons will not remove from their warehouses until their new quarters are in readiness.

TRIBUTE TO A BOSTON ARTIST. We take pleasure in reproducing for our readers the following account, from *Watson's Art Journal*, of the "Exhibition of Jardine's great Organ in St. George's Church," New York.

The sudden and severe storm on Thursday afternoon, somewhat thinned out the audience on this occasion, but still several hundred persons were present, who braved the unpropitious weather, to listen to the grand organ splendidly interpreted by Dr. J. H. Willcox of Boston. The following artists assisted in the programme: Mmd. Manzocchi, Mr. S. B. Whiteley, M. William F. Williams and Dr. J. H. Willcox.

Dr. Willcox made his selections almost entirely from the modern organ repertoire, the exception be-

ing a lovely allegretto by Haydn, which was played with infinite grace and a delicately varied treatment. The other selections were an Offertoire by Battiste, a Communion by Wely, and a closing overture by Auber. In all these Dr. Willcox displayed his thorough knowledge and mastery of the instrument; he has a fine touch, his execution is clear and rapid, and he has a broad grasp of the instrument. His combinations are more numerous, more varied, and better contrasted, than those of any organist we know now, or remember to have known or heard. This may be accounted for by the fact, that Dr. Willcox is a practical organ builder, and thoroughly understands the character, weight and quality of each stop; so that he can calculate to a certainty their relation to each other in combination, as regards assimilation or contrast. This is, of course, only a part of the secret of his success; the rest will be found in his naturally fine taste, and his high artistic instinct, which control his knowledge in the reproduction of beautiful forms and fancies. In his selected pieces he was eminently successful; but the highest development of his powers was found in his extemporaneous performance.

In this department Dr. Willcox is, as far as we know, without a rival in this country. It is true that his lucubrations do not take the highest form of improvisation, such as has been recorded of some of the great lights of the strict school of organ playing. Dr. Willcox is confessedly a disciple of the modern organ school, notwithstanding his devotion to his old master Dr. Edward Hodges; but while his predilections, and his genius are with the Romantic, he has a fine appreciation of and a deep sympathy with the quaint, rich harmonies and the deep religious sentiment of the music of the mediæval Church.

It is this happy combination of the two schools, which invest the improvisation of Dr. Willcox with so much interest. But in addition to this he is rarely given to the commission of platitudes. His subjects, though generally modelled upon the Italian form, are fresh and bright in their character, and if not always original have at least, a certain idiosyncrasy which stamps them with the mark of individuality.

Dr. Willcox is not always equal to his own standard; sometimes he is chilled by an indifferent audience, and he looks up his best thoughts in his own heart; but we have heard him play when he knew that his audience watched him and could follow him with critical accuracy, and we have heard him start with a fine imaginative subject and work it through the romantic or dramatic form, with rare sequentiality, and with an amplitude of imagination which not only proved the extent of his resources both in melody and harmony, but also gave evidence of a fertile imagination, and a high feeling for the æsthetic in his art.

We now must touch upon the most questionable number of his programme, namely, his representation of a storm. This effect has been tried over and over again in the orchestra, and has always been criticized as of doubtful propriety, although the effects are so pronounced, that we think they are admissible in an orchestra. Dr. Willcox has conceived a very clever and effective storm effect. He presents a vivid, true picture, and he makes his effects, not by securing the aid of mechanical additions, but by exceptional use of the legitimate resources of the organ as existing in the regular schedule. His storm movement consists of a sort of a Siciliano movement, descriptive of the calm, but sensuous beauties of the country. It is a pastorella, and following the sounds of animated nature comes the rustic dance and games. In the midst of this the threatening of distant thunder is heard, and the storm breaks out in lashing fury; while the storm rages the grand power of the organ is developed to the utmost, but as it dies away, the faint murmur of a prayer is heard, which gradually swells out into a prayer of thanksgiving. The whole scene is beautifully conceived, and is worked out by Dr. Willcox with admirable skill, and with fine artistic perception. It was a performance of rare excellence and aroused the audience to a high pitch of excitement, and it became almost a question whether to award the highest praise to the conception and execution of the organist, or to the magnificent resources of the organ. Suffice it to say, that Dr. Willcox made a marked and positive success, which was in every way deserved.

Mr. Whitley acquitted himself with much credit; his treatment of the slow movement being specially worthy of mention. Mr. Jardine displayed several of the prominent and beautiful fancy stops of the organ to great advantage, and Mr. Wm. F. Williams brought out the exquisite Vox Humana stop into brilliant relief. Taking the exhibition altogether, Jardine & Son could hardly have desired a more thorough and successful trial of the entire resources of one of the noblest organs yet erected in the United States.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Sailor's Serenade. (La Serenato del Marinaro). Ballad. 4. G minor to g.

Mercadante. 35

A very graceful melody in G minor.

Good Night. Op. 5. No. 7. 3. D minor to e.

Franz. 20

Words cannot add to the beauty of this little gem.

Volga's Sailor Song. 4. G to g. *Slaviansky. 30*

Both melody and accompaniment are out of the common thorough-fare of musical composition.

Cradle Song. 2. Bb to eb. *Pivoda. 30*

"Dearest maiden, I have loved but thee,
From thy cradle thou wast promised me."

Its simplicity is very touching.

Farm-House Maiden. 3. A to a. *Slaviansky. 30*

"Ah! come to me thou pretty little maid,
Hear, my song is calling thee."

The last three pieces have been happily introduced by the Russian Chorus.

Ad Almam Matrem. 3. F to f. *Boott. 30*

A Solo with Chorus, sung at the Commencement Dinner of the Harvard Alumni.

Ruth. Sacred Ballad. 3. A to e. *Miss Davis. 25*

A good melody in the devotional style.

Bragg. Serio-Comic Song. 3. C to e. *Gatty. 30*

"You perceive I'm a blushing young lady,
My age it is just twenty-two,
And I really believe I am pretty,
For of beaux,—I have had not a few."

Instrumental.

Polka de la Cour. Op. 108. 4. Ab. *Bendel. 60*

Brilliant, but not very difficult.

Succès Polka. 4. D. *Ketterer. 50*

A good Exhibition piece.

Flocons de Neige. Polka. 4. Eb. *Foertsch. 30*

Flocons de Neige. Mazurka. 4. C. " *30*

Two good pieces by a pleasing composer.

Roses Dream of Spring. Salon Polka Mazurka.

Op. 163. 4. Ab. *Oesten. 50*

A piece which teachers will be delighted to obtain for their pupils.

Union Pacific Galop. 3. Bb. *Fernald. 50*

With an illustrated title.

La Belle Coquette Polka. 4. D. *Howe. 35*

Spring time Waltz. 3. E. *Hart. 35*

Kimball House Schottisch. 3. Ab. *Johnson. 30*

Parade Quickstep. 2. G. *Boechel. 30*

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